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# The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1885 -- Volume 07, No. 04

Phi Sigma

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*Sapientiam  
Diligentes*

**The Voice**

*of the*

**Phi Sigma**

*Vol. 7*

*July 28, 1885*

*No. 4*

**EDITORS**

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of the  
Disinherited  
Vol. 7. No. 4.  
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July 28<sup>th</sup> 1885.



The Voice comes again and with a warm greeting - It could not help it, because of the season.

We said "season" and that reminds us, how each season has its goodness for us - let us notice what this ~~one~~ has brought us.

First, the familiar faces of our old members, turning our thoughts back to pleasant days when they were with us before.

We welcome you old friends and we see in you, as perhaps in a little measure you see in us, that these days of absence have been days of growth, and we gladly think how each year of our onward way, may be to us all a time of ~~or~~ still larger development.

And next the season has brought us another "Class election" & while ~~we~~ holding the hand of our old President with a reluctance to let him leave his place, we

gladly congratulate two other members and welcome them to the position of Vice Presidents. We feel as we look back that our Class



has been successful and we say now to you make it more successful.

It may be, by new plans and wise departure from too well beaten tracks, you can lead us to deeper springs of wisdom and sweeter fruits of knowledge.

Now again, we must not forget to mention that the season "when the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" has had its effect even within our little circle. We gladly add our good wishes to the many we know have already been given to our two members who have decided to carry on their further investigations of life together & who at this present writing are probably deeply interested in the mystery of nature among the wilds of Michigan —

This summer season again we say it & thoughtfully too. How much it brings to us that is sweet & beautiful. The sunshine & the flowers. The trees the birds. The blue sky and the green, green grass.



The busy Chicagoans don't know  
this as we might. Well, would  
it be for us did we steal away  
more often to parks and suburbs.

Such rest would enable us  
to do our work better. Such  
education better for us perhaps  
than hours of reading. I give  
an education of the heart than  
of the head, but - such we  
need.



Since the Voice last appeared, our city has suffered from another strike of the West Side Car Company's Conductors and Drivers. During the existence of the strike, and immediately after, the subject was fully discussed, from various standpoints, both by public journals and private persons. For this reason, and still more, because the interests <sup>at stake</sup> ~~involved~~ have, apparently, been satisfied by settlement, we shall not, at this time, revive the discussion of the particular difficulties then demanding attention. The strike is a thing of the past. Not so the principles it involved: so, if we are in any degree thoughtful, the lessons it suggested. There is one:— Law and Order must, at any cost, be honored and maintained. An opposite sentiment is alarmingly on the increase, and the first-fruits of its folly have already been plucked, during the strikes in this and other great cities. Of course, a strike by which Law and Order are not antagonized is, theoretically, possible; but it is equally true that, practically, such a strike, in such a city as this, is quite unknown. Even when the strikers themselves, continue to keep the peace, the storm that surrounds



and clings to them is always the most harmful and dangerous. This rabble may be quite beneath reform: rotten matter is poor stuff for any treatment but suppression or extermination. But if, as young men of ordinary goodness, we love our homes and those who make them dear, - if we care at all to honor and to guard our city and our country, let us, for ourselves, have done with wild and foolish and unmanly words and actions, such as our streets but lately heard and saw too many of. These speak ill for our own observance of the law, and exert, on the ignorant and less thoughtful masses, a vicious and corrupting influence. We have no reason to be proud of the patriotism of a considerable part of our 'rising generation', if Chicago's young men may be taken as a type - and we suppose they may -

Standing on Chicago's streets and shouting "Rats!" at carloads of policemen may seem, however puerile, a laughable and harmless thing; but when the same spirit puts dishonor on our National Flag, and heeds defiance at our army, the enforcer of our laws, it is quite time for us to take our stand for Law and Order, before the streamlets of turbulence, now trickling through the dams



which, hitherto, have stayed back the dark  
tides of lawlessness and license, swelling to  
a torrent, overwhelms that Freedom which  
we hold so dear, and because of which we  
stand to-day the foremost people of the world.



Why it was that the closing remarks of our discussion on reading, at our May meeting, seemed to strike our Company as a chilling blast, deserves our inquiry -

Sometimes it happens, without the speaker's intention, that words have the same effect as the North Wind. Very interested we were in our discussion as to how we might best use our time for reading, so that we should be storing up for ourselves a valuable supply of mental food, when one of our number favored us with a parable which in substance we think was this. Two gentlemen were walking together. One an habitual smoker - the other who did not use the noxious weed spoke as follows. "See that brown stone front, the money you have spent on cigars in the past years would have bought you such a house as that!" The smoker replied "Yes, and where is your brown



stone front? Superficially apt as may have been the reply to the virtuous gentleman who neither smoked nor owned brown stone mansions, peculiarly inapt, we think, was the story to our discussion. The gentleman must admit this position which we take, or have us concluded from his story, given at this time, that he considered we were foolish to condemn idle reading, because we should never partake of anything more valuable.

In any case he recommended mere transient pleasure because forsooth, our efforts for <sup>what was</sup> ~~something~~ better would end in something short of a brown stone front of intelligence).—Therefore—the aim of the story was pernicious for it sought to discourage the effort to acquire brown stone fronts by quoting the apparent failure of me, and indorsed a course of pleasure which ended in smoke because it gave a little questionable enjoyment at the time.

He overlooked the essential evil of the latter plan and did not



recognize the usefulness to a  
life that an honest effort for  
something better would be, even  
if it ended in partial failure.

This story was inapplicable  
for we were not talking of  
brown stone fronts lost or gained  
but of those which we would  
learn how to acquire. We needed  
not discouragement, but honest  
advice

E.L.



## Our Picnic.

Half past twelve o'clock June 13<sup>th</sup> found a goodly number of young people on a train - the funeral train by the way - bound for Evanston. Somebody was heard to remark that he thought this must be a picnic; though how he could have guessed it, who can imagine? If he had inquired, he would have learned that they were a company who had banded together for the purpose of acquiring knowledge and in fact called themselves "Knowledge Seekers"; that their efforts in this direction were usually strictly literary but that they were going to spend that day in studying nature or perhaps more properly speaking "nature". At any rate, said he, they look happy enough to be picnickers.

But alas! Our happiness was not unalloyed, for some of our number were missing and who can describe the anguish we all endured at the thought that they were not to enjoy the day with us in the woods?

The day was fine, a little breezy some of us thought as we crossed Wells St. bridge with sixteen bundles each, besides a parasol and a hat which insisted on blowing off. We were pulled both ways, the bundles increasing the attraction of gravity and the hat having a tendency to make us soar to ethereal regions.



Scarcely were we seated in the car before one of our picnic committee presented each of us with a suburban time table of the C. & N. H. R.R. each of which was daintily tied with ribbon. The evidently was not going to take the responsibility of getting us all home before Sunday morning. He had just finished admiring and adjusting these mementoes (going into ecstasies over the scenery as we went along) when the train stopped a fleeting. Most of us knew that this was the place where our esteemed friend Mr. Ballantine labored for his bread but he had unexpectedly been detained we were informed and would not be able to be with us during the day. What then could exceed our surprise to behold his manly form at the door almost as soon as the train stopped. Those whose mouths were not already open, opened them involuntarily with astonishment and all were anxious to know what he had done with Miss Beard, his companion for the day. Alas it was the old story of "The Girl he Left Behind Him"! After the shock felt at seeing Mr. Ballantine come in alone, it was thought we needed something to revive our drooping spirits; so a box of candy was fished up from the depths of somebody's pocket. There was a motto in that box of candy on which was printed "I am dead in love."



This - horrible dictu - our honored president swallowed, actually swallowed, not because he was dead in love but because he wanted to be, he said, and thought this might tend to that result. Does anybody know whether it did have the wished for effect? Arrived at Evanston we disembarked and waited until Mr. Ballantine telegraphed for Miss. Beard to come out on the next train. At the station we found awaiting us a vehicle, which may have been modeled after one which came out of the ark but was modernized by the addition of air(?) springs and gay upholstery. There were four noble steeds the fieriest of the fiery but our coachman did not allow them to go very fast, as no doubt, he wished to give the natives an opportunity to gaze at us. They evidently thought we were Buffalo Bill and troupe and stared at us accordingly. Our drive nevertheless was very pleasant to all but especially so to Mr. Kimball who as we were passing the college campus had the pleasure of seeing and recognizing his old friends the president and one or two of the professors. He did not seem at all mortified when they cut him so decidedly. That was without doubt however due to the company he was in.

But our box of candy had not quite disappeared and the way hearts were thrown around during



that drive was really quite astonishing. If anybody lost his, her, or its heart in that vehicle he, she or it may have it by applying to the finder and paying a liberal reward.

Ladies and Gentlemen; - We have now arrived at the picnic grounds which are about a mile north of Evanston on the Lake Shore. You will please to observe the exceeding beauty of the landscape. Just let your eye rest for a moment on that marvelous lake. It is said to be composed entirely of water and some writers have even ventured to say it has fish in it. (Do not suppose this for a moment to be original. It is an extract from a Stoddard lecture delivered in London on "Chicago and its Suburbs.") We encamped as near the bluff as we could and then each of us had a sandwich. It was decided not to have dinner until after the arrival of the next train, so that should any of the absent ones come later they would not miss the most important feature of the day.

Meantime something must be done so some rambled down to the beach and hunted lucky stones while others walked off to get flowers and some did both while others did neither. Those who went down to the beach were almost scorched while those who went to the woods were just about sunk in a miniature Plough



of despond. We all did finally arrive safely at the trysting place though. Then we amused ourselves with telling stories, making puns, guessing conundrums and signalling tugs. By the way, has Mr. Kimball's tug whistled yet? I wish somebody would make a motion this very evening to have him stand by his wager and I propose that it be made ice-cream instead of soda-water because he has been so dilatory in keeping his engagement.

Tempus fugited only too quickly and first we knew the later train had arrived and Mr. Ballantine came walking mournfully back with one companion instead of the expected two. His telegram had not had the desired effect.

The ladies then arranged the feast which consisted of the usual dishes garnished with quinine pills and the insects of the season. All the morning Mr. Kimball had been complaining about not feeling very well and at dinner time, as somebody remarked, he actually turned (a) pail - and sat on it. The ladies thought we had provided a bountiful repast but about that time Mr. Kimball began rapidly to recover; in fact he recovered so rapidly that some of us were obliged to restrain our appetites in order that he might have the necessary amount to fully recuperate. Almost immediately after dinner Miss Hyde and



Mr. Kimball were called elsewhere by the stern  
voice of duty, but before obeying the call went  
for a drive. Mr. Ballantine also found it  
necessary to return by the early train. Of course  
the Phi Sigma picnic would not be complete  
without some one or other being late for the  
train; so in order that it might not lose its  
reputation in that line, two out of the three  
who started for the earlier train failed to make  
connections. They insisted that the time had  
been changed and the train came five minutes  
before time. And of course it did. A new time  
table was no doubt issued while they were out  
driving. However the rest of us managed to  
get to the station in time after a careful  
perusal of our old time-tables. Those of us  
who had decided to wait until later before  
going home, mourned awhile over the dear  
departed and if Mr. Ballantine could only  
have seen the tears which were shed on his  
account of his departure he would have felt  
that his life had not been spent in vain.

We then turned our attention to that strictly  
literary game of bean-bag, after spending a  
great deal of time and strength in arousing  
some of the gentlemen who were a little inclin-  
ed to lounge after the arduous labors of the  
day. We played "teacher and the ladies



really learned to throw and catch so well that we were just planning for a base ball match when it was time to go to the light-house. So we packed up our worldly goods and wended our way towards Evanston.

But we were doomed to disappointment as the light house was closed. The woman in charge would not permit us to enter at the request of the ladies of the party so we delegated one or two of the gentlemen of the class to try to overcome all obstacles by their charms. But she was obdurate so we had to content ourselves with eating chocolate creams and walking along the shore to the Waterworks. They were open and the keeper was very attentive indeed, bringing out chairs and making us as comfortable as possible. He must have made the air echo far and wide I think, trying to sing college songs; for one person when told that we spent the evening singing said, "Well, I thought I heard the fog-horn; but it was not foggy, so it must have been your music." We inspected the Waterworks and were invited by the keeper to stay all night but after due deliberation we concluded we had better not as the next day was Sunday. So we got into our chariot and drove to Evanston. We thought we would like one more glimpse of



the lake, so we alighted at the corner by the  
rink and walked down to the end of the pier.  
It was suggested that we go into the rink but  
one or two of our dignified ladies after stand-  
ing on barrels and peering in at the windows  
thought they had seen enough and we did not  
enter. We arrived at the station about five  
minutes past ten and spent the next twenty  
five minutes lunching. The only thing which  
occurred during the evening to really distress  
us was the sudden disappearance of two of  
our party. We first missed them at the  
Waterworks and ~~we~~ were so worked up as to  
their probable fate that we were on the point  
of informing the police when they walked into  
the station. We all breathed a sigh of relief  
when they appeared. Taken all in all we  
agreed that we had spent a delightful day  
and also that we were well tired out. In fact  
one gentleman actually dozed off on the way  
home. This time we did however manage  
to get home before Sunday morning.

Alicy G. Hinchliffe.



## Novel Reading.

As the summer months come and go, and Mercury grows ambitious, - each day rising a little higher in the world, - what is more natural than that we should yield to the hot sun, and seek to drive dull care away by a novel? What a sojourn in the country is to the body, wearied and jaded by overwork, a good novel is, to the tired and anxious mind. By the force of its charm, it carries us away from our troublesome thoughts, interests <sup>us</sup> in new scenes, incidents and characters, and thus, causing us to forget ourselves, to lose our identity, as it were, and at the same time, calling into gentle exercise the faculties of the mind the affections, ~~and~~ breathe through our whole being, refreshment and strength.

We call the novelist, a rational educator; we never tire of extolling him as a teacher of human character, some would even magnify his sphere as an historian; but do we realize that the novelist is all this and more; that he is also a physician, well qualified to clarify and refresh the mind, restore the tone and elasticity of the spirits, and to move us once more for the duties of life.

Notice, - for example, how much happiness one novelist, Charles Dickens, has given the human race. With his wonderful power, in telling a story, in sketching original characters



in satirizing social abuse; above all, with his  
poetic imagination, and rich sense of humor,  
what has he not accomplished for the world's  
happiness and improvement!

When we think of the vast amount of <sup>real</sup> innocent  
enjoyment we ourselves have derived from Dickens's  
works, and then multiply this by the millions  
of people who have read these works in all parts  
of the world, we are lost in astonishment at the  
grand product.

Take his joyous humor, alone. Surely, never had  
travellers, into the realms of fiction, such an ex-  
hibiting guide! What an overflow of the best-  
spirited! What floods of sunny geniality, and  
what an inexhaustible sympathy with everything  
good and true! His humor has, indeed, been  
one of the greatest tonics ever invented, and he him-  
self one of the greatest benefactors of the world.



## The Beauty in Simplicity.

I would in a few words make a plea for simplicity. With interest but regret one notices the deterioration of words. This word simplicity has thus suffered. Its origin is from the words "sine" without and "plica" a fold or from "semit" once and "plicare" to fold.

In its best meaning, therefore, I believe this characteristic to be peculiarly lacking yet I am sure that those who think on this subject realize that, in simplicity is grandeur - in simplicity is a lasting satisfaction not found in the more intricate. In simplicity is beauty seldom attained by that which is

Complex. Let us look at "Life and Behavior". In the wonderful maze of today's turmoil surely this simplicity is sadly forgotten.

Our day is often taken up by so varied interests that primarily one fails of doing much well because of this very complexity.

Sticking to one thing. Having one prime object in life is really



quite out of fashion. Yet do not we look with fascination at the lives of those men who have had one great purpose in life?

A John the Baptist in the wilderness crying "Repent ye" A Paul to whom "to live is Christ, to die is gain" Yes, as we look down the years, name after name comes to us of those whose simplicity of purpose made them truly great.

A Savonarola, A Columbus, A Cromwell, A Washington, Yes, and a Grant.

The greatness of these men lay in the fact that their work in life found what it required - a simple purpose, pursued with a pure devotion.

We cannot, perhaps, be as these but a purpose & that a noble one is essential to every great life. A purpose to make "Rightness" the standard is one which must beautify any life. And why? Is it not because of simplicity of action



## Oxford

How often in our reading and study we come across the names of those who have been students at the different colleges of Oxford, and, upon an American mind, how little impression such a name leaves.

One can read History, memorize numbers and dates, gain much surface knowledge. This I would not undervalue, yet to make such knowledge real, a part of oneself, there is nothing so potent as visiting historic ground. Since this is not possible to all, let us see as much as we can through the eyes of others.

Has your mind in its possession any picture of Oxford? As one approaches the city (and by the way every town having a cathedral is a city according to Eng. law) a scene of unequalled architectural magnificence presents itself - spires and towers and domes rising thickly.

Arrived at the stations, the surroundings are of a more unpleasant character than those of any other English city known to the writer. Yet this is soon passed and we enter the true Oxford. To attempt to particularize the architectural characteristics of each of the



Twenty four colleges is without our province.

Though there is nothing extraordinarily fine about the architecture of the colleges regarded individually, the halo of old associations connected with them, the great dignity lent by age, present a tout-ensemble of great power.

The buildings are usually placed around one or more quadrangles, and enclose such lawns as only England can produce. The grounds are usually charmingly cultivated, but are excluded from the eye of the passerby by high walls. Why cannot Englishmen be content to share the beauty of their surroundings with their neighbors, instead of so hedging themselves in?

The courses of study vary somewhat, and places in the best institutions are applied for and filled up years in advance.

To us, one of the most interesting of the institutions is Christ Church. Here it was that England's late Premier prepared himself to become one of the greatest statesmen of the age. The Prince of Wales honoured this college with his presence, but the names in which she delights more than that of the noble Prince, are those of Locke the philosopher, the Wesley's, John and



Charles, Lord Olgin, Sir Robt. Peel of Cow-Lane  
Lane, Ben Jonson, Canning.

The founding of this college properly belongs  
to Wolsey, who had resolved to found an  
institution to be called "Cardinal's College" where  
the new learning, then pouring over Europe,  
should be cultivated on a scale of much magnificence.

But this was not to be. The works  
had been under way some four years when,  
by his attainder in 1529, all the revenues  
devoted by him to this design were appropriated  
by Henry VIII. Henry completed the  
work later first calling it Henry the VIII<sup>th</sup>  
College, and afterward, from its connection with  
the cathedral, Aedes Christi. Thus it is never  
spoken of by Oxonians as a college, but always  
as "The House."

Christ-Church is  
built around three quadrangles, and as one  
walks along the cloisters and emerges from  
under some ancient archway, the view is impressive.

The wonders of the interiors are greater  
than those of the exteriors. The walls of  
the great halls are adorned with splendid  
collections of portraits by the most eminent artists.

Henry VIII and Wolsey are still to be  
found presiding over their ancient work.

What treasures of legends and old  
manuscripts are to be found in their fine  
libraries!



In what college chapels can be found such carvings in wood? At old Trinity one is almost tempted to pluck the wooden roses of the altar piece and wonder so natural do they appear. Cardinal Beerman whose loss to the Eng. church has been so much deplored was once a fellow of Trinity.

Among the archives of Pembroke, one of the poorer colleges, are treasured Latin exercises and prayers by Dr Johnson. In the library is a bust of him, and in the Hall his portrait by Reynolds. Yet Johnson, with all his learning and genius was compelled to leave Oxford without taking his degree.

Balliol and Merton compete for the honor of being the oldest colleges in Oxford.

Of late years Balliol is highly distinguished for the intellectual attainments of its members, it being understood that its students shall be contented with nothing short of "Honours" in the University Examinations.

The "gentle Eolus", as he is called, was once a member of this college, also Geoffrey the poet-laureate, and the first English translator of the Bible, Wyclif.

For beauty of situation Magdalen College stands preeminent. Its majestic tower + 50



one hundred and fifty feet high contains a musical peal of ten bells.

"The grounds occupy nearly one hundred acres, comprising lawns and gardens, the shaded Water-Walks beloved of Addison and the Groves "dainty relief of monastic days" where within a stone's throw of the High street of the city, deer are quietly browsing under huge old elms with their carving roofs, as though the haunts of men were distant and forgotten." Much would we like to speak of the old customs of ushering in the Boar's head etc etc still kept up at Oxford; of the groves now by all, yet differing according to the rank of the wearer; of the High St. said by Pushkin to be the finest street in Europe; of the Bodleian Library, of the surroundings of Oxford; of its political importance; of the grave of poor Amy Robsart in St. Mary's church, but time advances.

Let us conclude with the well known epigram:

"He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,  
And healthiness, neer saw a better place.  
If God himself on earth abode would make,  
He Oxford, sure, would for his dwelling take."

Lucie A. Hinckley



## Stray Thoughts on Critics.

By a Victim.

Editor of the Voice —

Being obliged by no wish of my own, to give this subject some attention, lately, I have done a little philosophizing on the subject — as follows: —

In the first place a critic should be very critical, according to the best acceptation of the term. That is, to say what is just and fair.

Not to be hyper-critical for that is as great a fault as not to criticize enough.

The principal quality of a good critic is impartiality; the chief fault of a bad critic is prejudice.

To look at an article, calmly, or right in the face of one's own inclination or personal feeling, much more, to point out unflinchingly, the defects of him who writes it, is no easy task.

Then, a criticism is not a report. It is more than that, for, aside from relating mere facts, it comments upon them in relation to each other.

To be of a critical turn of mind, is not, in my opinion, a disposition to be envious.

For, strange as it may seem, in our present biased use of the word, has it not come about that to be critical means to judge harshly of people and motives? Have we not swerved entirely



from the true meaning, taking the dark side and thus looking upon a critic as a soured, cynical man or woman? One who always sees the disagreeable phase of human nature? Who never makes allowance for mistakes; but coolly, and alas, most often, sarcastically, denounces men and motives in a wholesale way?

The effect on the critic himself is much worse than the results of his taunts to others.

Is it not that as a critic has come to be a fault-finder, he becomes discontented and unhappy with himself and his lot?

The true judge, or critic as we have it, gives, just as often credit as blame.

One of the first things to impress itself upon the mind of a new member of the Phi Sigma, some time since, was the fairness of the criticisms.

It is a hard place but we have failed to see rendered, <sup>either</sup> harsh judgment or, what is known in common parlance as "taffy."

Yet, if these critics have a fault, it is, that in speaking of each other, they judge

"Not wisely

But too well."

A good fault; let us keep it.



Would that we might thus  
simplify our lives by leaving  
out the complicated queries  
of selfish expediency, of  
senseless passion, and unworthy  
policy and strike simply  
& boldly to the true root  
of the matter - Is it right?

I believe the simplicity  
of the motive of our lives,  
will thus be in a large  
measure a gauge of their  
usefulness and perfection.

Perhaps I can give point  
to my words in no way  
so well as to suggest the  
thought, of the beauty of our  
Religion. Is not that beauty  
found in its simplicity.

Next I would ask you to  
gaze thoughtfully & lovingly  
on the simple beauties of  
Nature. True it is true that  
often there is here of a  
wonderful intricacy, but do I  
not speak truly when I say -  
~~How~~ Simple are the most  
beautiful evidences of the love



of the All-wise Father. Look at the blue, blue sky and at those wonderful harmonies of grey & white which rest so softly in that azure setting. Are not these simple.

And, again, notice that woodland view, a symphony in green & brown - varied it is, and yet wonderfully simple in its loveliness.

We must not leave this theme without thinking of the simple grandeur of the sea, that element of power, that grand old monarch Ocean, the symbol of Eternity.

And now a word about simplicity in Art. I gladly note the changes that have come in these last few years in Architecture & Interior decoration. The heavy cornice with its ~~cur~~ awkward scroll-work is giving way to the plainer coil. The "high backs" the "half round" are yielding to the simple



"reeding" and beveled edge.

We contentedly miss the  
gorgeous bouquets on the  
carpets under our feet, and  
the designs in wall paper.

The pleasing effects in these  
things of neutral tints, of whole  
colors, and indistinct patterns  
are daily becoming more  
general. Why, we are even  
finding a beauty in <sup>the simple</sup> pure  
wood, and recognizing that  
natural wood has a native  
quality that needs not the  
strange device of paint;

that pigments no matter  
how exquisite cannot surpass  
the beautiful tints and lovely  
markings of Cherry, Chestnut  
Oak & Ash. †

Moreover some few have  
observed that carpet & wall  
must act as a foil or back-  
ground, for what we would  
furnish our rooms with,  
that a thing which in itself  
may have merit of one  
art or another may be



utterly intolerable when placed with other things. In short that for an effective whole there must be a, simple Contrast, or a simple harmony. I would ask for bare severity in furnishing and decoration but I do protest against this conglomeration of colors, of fabric, of hic-a-lue making a private room look like a shop.

We think of one parlor where there are gathered a fearful collection on wall, table, and bracket, yes and even all over the piano - Consisting of paintings, Chromos, old books, Artificial fruits, & China dogs.

In the name of common sense, is this aggregation beautiful? Can a neatly made chair or a richly upholstered sofa have an individual quality when placed on a carpet like a Joseph's Coat. Can a picture show the



Ment of an Artists work  
Orken Above, below and on  
either side are glazing  
designs in wall paper.

While speaking of pictures  
let me say that here progress  
has been made. In the  
growing love of the broader  
School and of the simple  
elching do we find this  
indicated. In these the  
Artist gives up the idea  
of imitating Nature, and  
seeks by a few simple  
lines or broad strokes of  
color to suggest some beautiful  
wonderful effect of Nature.

In framing these treasures  
of Art the elaborate and  
brilliant gold frame, though  
still sometimes essential  
is often laid aside for the  
quieter effect in bronze or  
copper. The heavy walnut  
frame with its imitation  
gilt line is being displaced  
by those panels of natural  
woods so effectively used



on pictures in black and white. I must not close without a few words about simplicity in dress.

If I may ask for simplicity anywhere it is surely in this! I need not say much to men for the fools are fortunately few who are willing to make themselves walking advertisements for of the latest fashion or conspicuous dummies for the tailor's shop.

To women this subject is important. Can we think of anything more truly vulgar than a woman dressing, in order that she may attract attention?

Yet sadly true is it that many women seem to have no better aim.

The true art of dressing I think might be said to be this - that we appropriately attire ourselves so that ~~we~~ ourselves may be at their



best. This is not that our coats our gowns our hats may be at their best, but ourselves. With genuine wonder I sometimes look at a woman's bonnet & try and to believe that she really wishes people to look at her. Why, it is impossible that bonnet so fearfully and wonderfully made would quench anything within ten feet of it! If a woman's face is totally uninteresting this plan might be excusable & we might thank her for giving us an exhibition of so much millinery and dry goods, but very seldom is this the case.

No intelligent woman's face be it never so plain is wholly without interest and ~~they~~ women indeed give their friends of the opposite sex credit for very poor taste when they imagine they <sup>men</sup> prefer looking at dry goods



Rather than at themselves  
May I compare it thus -

A Jewel must not be so  
set that its setting <sup>will</sup> ~~while~~ not  
detract from its brilliancy.

A picture must not be  
so framed that the Artists  
high light will be lost

A woman must not  
dress so that ~~her attire~~  
her face suffers by its  
surroundings

But enough we have  
already taken steps in the  
right direction: and with  
careful pruning of the  
unnatural and unlovely -

and thoughtful cultivation  
of the good, the true and  
the beautiful we shall  
find a simple life on a  
high level worth all our  
effort, and smile with wonder  
on the follies of the past

W. B. Beard



## Nantucket.

In this warm season of the year when so many are away enjoying the ~~mountains~~ or the sea, some of us are not quite so fortunate, Perhaps, sometimes we cast one sigh for a whiff of fresh mountain air or the invigorating sea air. As imagination is said to be next to realization please imagine yourself one of a party of tired travellers arriving at the little station of Wood's Hole on the coast of Mass. Wood's Hole consists of a cluster of houses around a pretty little basin of water, - hence, its name Wood's Basin or Hole. The place of most interest to me, is the wharf, where trains arrive and depart, and where steamers are continually coming & going carrying passengers over the thirty bracing miles to Nantucket. As the little steamer "Island Home" impatiently puffs away evidently anxious to lose no time we find ourselves, - bag & baggage, - on a beautiful, smooth sea. Nearly everyone remains on deck until we reach "Martha's Vineyard," where about one half the passengers leave us for the gay and fashionable Oak Bluffs. It has been said, that those who find extreme happiness, if



rich, in the shops of Paris, if not rich, herd together in gregarious hilarity at Cat Bluffs. It seems to be true. The wheels of the Island Home begin to revolve and we gently withdraw from the shore of the "Vineyard", a calm resting upon us as the sun sinks down in the ocean depths, leaving behind a gorgeous purple, scarlet and gold. The Island of Nantucket reveals itself; - the narrow entrance to the harbor being somewhat zigzag owing to a sand bar, where many ships have come to grief. But, the bell buoy warns us, and the Island Home soon rocks safely against the ancient wharf waiting for her. As a thin athlete rushes by, alternately roaring and shrieking some thing, difficult to interpret, we wonder what dreadful thing has happened! "It is only Billy Clark, the town crier", some one informs us. "He watches in the church-tower noon and night, until the boat appears in sight, and then he gives a tremendous blast on his horn, - north, south, east & west, - and so everybody knows the boat is coming. Between the boats he cries announcements of temperance lectures, pic-nics and ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs' stayed a cloture, or in fact anything anybody wants everybody else to know." But, what is the matter with his voice? we ask. "He was very



much excited at the time of the war. There was so much to cry, - and he cried too much and too loud, and roared out his voice." This accounted for the strange medley of sound.

We jump into a Nantucket carriage which proves to be a dogcart attached to a span of mules, which carries our boxes over Nantucket-cobble stones in a very vigorous manner. We drive through the town upon a ring of the Island called the "Cliff". Upon its crest stand a dozen or so summer cottages. Here is our resting place for a month. Let us make the most of our time. One can hardly fail to be impressed by the size and importance of Nantucket town, which in its most prosperous days reached a population of 10,000, but owing to the decline and fall of the whale fishery now numbers scarcely 3000. Approaching the town from the water it is noticeable, that every large building is erected so as to make the most of it. One very common remark made by strangers, is, "Why, I didn't know it was so much of a place!"

This Island, from three to five miles in width is swept from shore to shore by all breeze so that as an invalid ~~was~~ heard to say, 'to stay a summer at Nantucket was the same as making a sea voyage, except that you never got anywhere.'

No one can help enjoying a ramble through the quiet streets, in the pretty lanes full of old-fashioned wild honey suckle, or visiting



the deserted burying grounds, where, in the midst of heavy growing vines and grasses some weird epitaphs may be found on some time disfigured stones. Listen to one of them: "God memory of Sleeping Suet - Alfred G. Died at sea." and another, - In memory of Huldah, wife of Benjamin Snow. However dear, she was not laid here,

Some private grief was her disease,  
Laid to the North burying ground to please.  
The North referring to the North burying ground of Nantucket.

One of the charms of N- is her old people, - a very fair number might be found of those who have celebrated their ninetieth birthdays, most of them sweet, saint-like Quakeresses, showing by their faces the blessedness of living. If one is fortunate enough to receive an invitation to tea in some quaint Quaker home, much interesting pleasure is in store for her, where she may possibly hear "a story with a Rip Van Winkle flavor to it". The two Quaker meeting houses, once filled twice a week are now only occupied by comparatively few, men on one side and women on the other, and in summer there are always some visitors present to listen if the spirit moves, - if not, to sit calmly until a restless spirit drives them out in the sunshine again. Nantucket's young men and maidens, though born to "stee" and "thou" and to dove color and serenity of manner



gradually assume the world's garb and manners, as they are old enough to choose. "Prettier, fresher maidens, unprotected by the world, who bid the stranger welcome to Nantucket with a simple ease and sincerity are seldom found elsewhere." So said one, and so said all of us.

Seven miles from Nantucket-town, at the south east end of the Island lies the fishing village of Siasconet or S'conet as it is always called. It is on our ride from N-town to S'conet that we first see the N-moore. These moors stretch over the interior of the Island. One can fancy himself not only out of New England, but set down in Scotland, as the true purple heather is found here. Most of the old houses at S'conet have stood there for more than a century, with roofs slanting almost to the ground, crouching as if to <sup>fear</sup> the wintry winds may blow. Altho' few people care to bathe in the high surf this side of the Island, on account of the undertow and the occasional appearance of a shark, yet a few of the darning are often seen clinging to the rope. Not far from S'conet on the edge of a rocky cliff 80 ft. high, stands a light house known as the Sankaty light, the second best on the Atlantic coast. It is, of course very interesting to mount the hundred or so stone steps up inside the heavy plate glass, surrounding the light, and look ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> way out to sea, - being



told, if we could only see far enough, Africa would be the first land to greet us!

There is excellent fishing, of many varieties, in N. - nature. The blue fish ~~are~~ caught in great quantities are one of Nantucket's most delicious dishes. A narrow strip of land called Wauwinet, which divides the harbor from the <sup>open</sup> sea, furnishes opportunity for sharks, which are caught in great numbers there, and occasionally a whale is seen, near by. The harbor side is a good sailing ground ~~for~~ <sup>and</sup> the little yacht, Lillian will land us on the shore. But, pass from the harbor to the other side. Old Ocean is now seen in his grander mood. We can sit by the hour, on the sandy shore, watching the coming in of the high wave. It is useless to open your book, however interesting it may be - the ocean is its rival. We can think what one of our authors has said, - "Perhaps, one reason we love the sea so much, is the instinct of hero worship, - the attraction to something stronger than ourselves - so deeply implanted in human nature."

Next to being tossed about on the ocean in a storm is a "North-easter" on the Island of N. - . To our surprise we <sup>may</sup> find that such a storm can come in August and can last several days, - cold and dreary, raining some of the time, a high wind, grey sky and rough sea. Evenings and



part of the days we spend around a huge, open  
 fire-place, popping corn, roasting apples, and  
 writing the home letters, - all the time hearing the  
 dull thud of the angry waves against the rocky  
 shore. We thoroughly realize "Shut us from all  
 the world without." The third day of such weather  
 makes us so restless, we concoct a nice little  
 scheme to visit the "Life Saving Station", across  
 the Island. So, robed in flannel suits and  
 gossamers, not to speak of hoods for the ladies  
 and skull caps for the gentlemen, - anything  
 the strong mind can not carry off - we rally  
 forth. The Life Saving Station is a place  
 of mystery to the summer visitor, who, rarely  
 sees it in use, but during this weather, men  
 are alert. At sunset the men's duty begins.  
 They start out in contrary directions and patrol  
 the beach for a distance of three miles, listen-  
 ing for signals of distress at sea. Returning to  
 the Station, they are relieved by two others  
 and there by still others, so that on the  
 dangerous part of the coast some one is always  
 ready to help his ship-wrecked brother. Many a  
 brave hero has perished on this shore, offering his  
 life to save that of a stranger! Ten quiet  
 strong looking men we saw in this Station, - two  
 others were on duty. Life boats and life cars  
 were arranged in perfect readiness, coils  
 of rope and colored lights for signals, all